

## I Don't Mind If You Forget Me

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Trevor was overcome with ill-feeling on the F train as it trundled between East Broadway and York Street. Little had gone well at the office that day. Upper management was tweaked about an overdue expense report, and someone in the Chicago office emailed him a stern explanation of his meal allotment when he traveled for work. He had gone over by fifteen dollars *three* days at the Atlanta Hyatt alone in F/Y16. Then, while he was sorting out the repayment form, he caught Kelley in the adjacent cubicle fondling himself through his trousers. Trevor was dizzied by the rigorous outline of Kelley's cock as it hugged his right thigh, and he gave a slight, but audible gasp. Kelley caught Trevor's eye, stroked himself once more, said "Give me a break," then concealed his body under his desk so that he was no longer visible to Trevor's cubicle. Now, in the crush of commuters that thronged around Trevor and pinned him in the tight crook of the rear of the car, he felt an irrepressible urge to scream Kelley's name aloud, mostly because Trevor hadn't so much as touched himself in six months and was, quite suddenly, about to explode from his memory of Kelley's dick print, wanted to just say, "Kelley, Kelley, Kelley," repeating it dozens of times, for all to hear, until the crowd cleared way and he could fall to the floor in abject surrender to the desire that had suddenly overcome him, but instead the words came out of his mouth in a faint whisper, inexplicably, as, "What time is it? Show time."

Kelley held his cock in his right hand while his left crossed over to the office keyboard. His browser was set to incognito mode (everyone was gone for the evening) and he Binged: “pirates of the caribbean XXX,” calling up his favorite porn-parody of a Hollywood film. That guy Trevor would have sucked my dick if I had asked him, huh, Kelley thought as he waited for the video to load on Xtube. Something like that had happened once before in Alphabet City, while he was urinating between a Suburu and a parked taxi on East 7<sup>th</sup> Street and Avenue B. Kelley had been awash in the satisfactory release of piss as he target-practiced his jet in the hole of the cab’s tail pipe when a red-haired guy crawled out from under the Suburu next to him to say, hey man, you gotta watch out, I was down here. Kelley was pretty fucked up on tequila shots and Bud Lite, and he didn’t know where the guy had come from or what to say, only that he couldn’t stop pissing just because someone was standing there watching him, and so he apologized and continued to pinch the end of his prick to aim his stream. They struck up a conversation about how the red-haired guy had weirdly fallen asleep on the sidewalk and must have rolled under the car or something, the red-haired guy wasn’t sure, and it was no big deal but anyway, that shit you’ve got there man, it’s fucking huge, he said, yeah I know, like, damn, I’m not gay but I would totally, and he totally did.

Someone had told Kelley that the adult adaptation of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* was the most expensive pornographic film ever made at the time. That's how he'd gotten into it, the money thing appealed to him. Everything else followed.

D was totally obsessed with B in the way that unsettled those around him, made them feel strange to hear him prattle on about what B had done, what B had said, where B had or hadn't been in his life. It was true that B had done a lot to upset people in their scene, but D was bothered by something else, something obvious but unspoken about him, about who he was. It definitely turned him on, too, and that only upset D more, that he felt something stirring in him, some feeling he associated with women, but sort of associated with B, too. Fuck B! D would tell anyone who would listen. But you don't know him, D, D's friends would say, but D wouldn't have any of it. Like not a word. B was deeply embedded in D's psyche. When D dreamt, he dreamt of B. That kind of thing. One time D and B happened to be going to the same city at the east edge of Europe (or the west edge of Asia, depending on your point of view), though they wouldn't overlap in their stays. B would be there first, then D would follow. This yugely annoyed D, that he wouldn't be in the city when B was there, but nobody could rearrange his schedule so that it would align with B. Anyway, D, D's wife said, why do you want to be there when B is around? You hate B. I hate B, yes, D said. Then D called the hotel where B was staying and where D was staying to say, look, I'm coming shortly after B and I feel that the hotel should extend the same respect to me as they have to B by ensuring that I'm given the best hotel room possible, presumably B's room. The hotel, embarrassed by the suggestion that they *wouldn't* be putting D in the best room possible, assured D that he was booked for the same suite as B. It was called the presidential suite and D liked the ring of that. Thank you, D said. Then there was silence on the phone because the person receiving D's call and D himself understood that there was something else he would require for his hotel room, something they had provided for him in the past. He said, I want more this time, more than last time. The voice paused, then said yes, of course. The voice, trembling with slight embarrassment, said, I have been assured only the very best will be provided for you, D. As always. Ten tens, D said, feeling greedy. I want ten tens. Not eight tens, not nine

tens, I want ten tens. Nothing else, you got that? We will have that, the voice said.